

224

THE
True-Born-Hugonot :
OR,
Daniel de Foe.
A
SATYR.

By a True-Born-Englishman.

*Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille Tuorum
Aut Pastor fuit, aut illud quod Dicere nolo.*

Juv. Sat. 8.

L O N D O N: Printed in the Year MDCCIII.



43

6.

7
429

THE True-Born
HUGONOT, &c.

ARE we then lost to Sense as well as Shame,
And sunk beyond the View of Pristin Fame,
That not one Ray shines piercing from afar,
To shew us what our Fam'd Forefathers were?

It must be so--- the *British* Genius dies,
And not one Spark of Life affects our Eyes;
Tamely we bear with Scandal and Disdain,
And vindicate a Villain we should brain,
As we the Laws of Government defie,
And sing *Hosanna's* who should *Halters* cry.

Yet shall their Idol his true Picture see,
 And find there is a *Britain* lives in me;
 Though on this Land his Excrement he flings,
 And the kind *Bosom* that preserv'd him stings.
 Tho' shouting Crouds their Advocate proclaim,
 And varnish over Infamy with Fame.

Hymns let him write, when he should Mercy pray,
 And Satyrize the State, *The shortest way*;
 Invectives against Monarchy indite,
 To make his Impudence surpass his Spight.
 In Publick View he shall again appear,
 Nor shall his *City Friends* protect him here,
 Out of their Reach their Oracle shall stand,
 To Satisfie the Justice of the Land,
 By Him as yet with Indignation born,
 And treated by his Partizans with Scorn.

And thou Dread Muse that hast the *Father* sung,
 And wept his *Ashes* injur'd by their Tongue:

Thou

Thou that hast Mourn'd a Martyr's Banish'd Race,
 And Faction dar'st Decry to Faction's face,
 In this Attempt, thy willing Numbers joyn,
 And let the Daughter's Charge be likewise thine,
 As thou mak'st known their Insolence of Spleen,
 That side with him that sides against the Queen,
 And lost to all Conviction and Reproof,
 Huzza him born to Wooden Shoes, down from his
 (Wooden Ruff.

Westward of us, a Powerful Kingdom lies,
 That from the Gauls, and Lombards takes its Rise,
 Whose Counsels are Successful as they're Wise.
 Here, as in other Neighb'ring Countries grew,
 A Race of Men Seditious, and Untrue,
 Restless and Stiff, Impatient of Command,
 And not to be Rein'd in with gentle Hand,
 Eager to Rule, and those that rul'd Oppose,
 And by Religion made their Country's Foes,
 Time out of Mind the Faction had Rebell'd,
 And were from time to time by Force Repell'd,

Yet

Yet still the Rabble Hydra rais'd its Head,
 And Grumbling gather'd Strength from Conquest red,
 When *Lewis* mounted on the Regal Throne,
 Saw 'em his Just Authority disown,
 Forc'd with his Sword his Title to maintain,
 And vindicate his Rightful Claim to Reign.

Grant after Grant was by the Monarch made,
 And methods of Severity delay'd,
 Till finding there was need of stricter Hand,
 And more Concessions, made 'em more demand;
 Resolv'd to Extirpate what he deem'd not correct,
 He banish'd all Rebellion in the Sect,
 Sent 'em abroad to Punish other Climes,
 And weave on Foreign Looms their Country's Crimes.

Hence Traytors to our Church and State arose,
 And hence our *De Larue's* and our *De Foes*,
 Who to bring in the Devil assume the Saint,
 And the whole Leaven which they mix with Taint.

Hence

Hence our Decrease of Money and of Trade,
 And our discourag'd Natives cry for Bread,
 Our Mourning Husbands and our Weeping Wives,
 That without Labour, drag laborious Lives,
 That unemploy'd, sit Penfive at their Doors,
 And see their Lands Possess'd by *Foreign Boors*.

Hence all the Wrongs done in precedent Reigns,
Jews Knighted, *Slaves* Prefer'd to Golden Chains,
 Cabals Erected, Liberties Destroy'd
 Under Pretence of having Rights Enjoy'd,
 Conformity by Sham Conforming lost,
 And who deserv'd it least, Prefer'd the most;
 Those who in *Honours* Gap with *Honour* stood,
 Occasionally Bad from being Good,
 While we Positions that are false advance,
 And keep the *Frenchmen* here to Conquer *France*.

Not that the Muse Unmerciful would seem,
 Or lay down any but a Christian Scheme,

Far be the thought and distant the design,
 Since Humane Laws forbid it and Divine,
 But all are not for Conscience hither fled,
 And Multitudes, God knows, are come for Bread,

Grant that Religion was their Sole Offence,
 The same Religion brought 'em, calls 'em hence,
 Their Murth'rd Brethren, supplicate their Aid,
 And what was Treason once, is Duty made;
 Duty to Save, what they should still Preserve,
 And vindicate the God they say they Serve.

If they no Pity to Relations owe,
 Yet Gratitude to Us should make 'em go,
 That have Collections rais'd from Door to door,
 And Starv'd our Parishes, to feed their Poor;
 That have receiv'd their wandering Tribes in Shoals,
 And fed their Bodies, to puff up their Souls.

What

What can they do more Generous and Good,
 Than stand by those who on their Side have stood,
 Than something is Requital to perform,
 And from their fam'd *Asylum* keep the Storm?

But no such Principle among these Men is,
 They ask their Brethren's Pardon in *Serpentes*;
 Wheels, Racks and Gibbets are not Things to please,
 And who loves Danger that may sit at Ease?
 Bullets are hurtful, and in no Man's Sense,
 Hypocrisy against em is a Fence,
 Ghastly they point to Level thick and thin,
 And sweep the *Righteous* with the Men of Sin.

Out of this Rebel Herd our Rebel sprung
 And brought the Virtues of the Soil along,
 A mild Behaviour and a fluent Tongue,
 With up-lift Eyes, and with ambitious Heart,
 On *England's* Theatre to act his Part.

B

How

How well he acted, witness ye that saw,
 How wresting *Gospel*, and provoking *Law*,
 A true Malignant, Arrogant and Sour,
 And ever Snarling at *Establish'd Power*,
 More Famous for *Ill-Nature*, than for *Wits*,
 And like a *Bull-dog* lik'd, because he Bit,
 As he got in with the *Dissenting Tribe*,
 And from a Broken *Hofier*, turn'd a *Scribe*.

Here *Satyr*, all our *Author's Works* expose,
 And view the Windings of his *Verse* and *Prose*,
 Thou in his Paper *Labarynth* may'st find,
 A Clue to guide thee through his *Crooked Mind*,
 Deeds that have been behind the *Curtain* done,
 And *Libels* that he thinks not fit to own.

The *Pamphleteers* that bought his *Works* so dear,
 Might have put down the *Kentish History* there,
 Written to Serve *Incendiarian Ends*,
 And which has made *Five Fools* his *Zealous Friends*,

Whole

Whose Intercession for such Crimes as His,
 Is like to keep him longer where he is.
Lex Talionis too should have a Place,
 And like the Man that wrote it, shew its Face,
 Tho' it's a Law quite out of his Esteem,
 Who never did what has been done by him.
 Who never yet an Injury forgave,
 Or Mercy shew'd, tho' he cou'd Mercy crave.

The Fam'd *Succession* likewise should appear,
 But he's not void of Sense, tho' void of Fear,
 The *Settlement* is otherwise Design'd,
 And P — is have Chosen to their Mind,
 Since *Hannover* the Nations Votes has won,
 And he dares speak no more for *Monmouth's* Son.

Loads of *Sedition* there, might also come,
 Fit *Ammunition* for the Reader's Bum;
 But those who got his Picture cut, thought fit
 To pare the *Excrecences*, and *Warts* of Wit,
 Not give too much for Money, who cou'd give
 More Money for his Works, than they'll receive.

yet should we trace 'em with Enquiring Eye,
 Customers by this Means may chance to buy,
 For Books that are Neglected and Despisd,
 Are often by their *Answers* advertisd ;
 As Vicious Practices the more get Head,
 By *Tutchin's Observator* made to spread.

First view him in his *True-Born English Farce*,
 With all his *Ten Editions* at his *Arse*,
 That Heap of Rhimes and Dunghill of Offence,
 Where all the Guts are cast of Impudence ;
 A common Laystall of his own Disgrace,
 That shews him far less Politick than Base.

Britain, 'tis true, thou'rt Scandalously low,
 That could'st stretch out thy *Arms* to a *De Foe* ;
 Lend him those *Aids*, which none but *Thou* wou'dst give,
 And raise a poy's'nous Plant that shou'd not live ;
 That could accept him with a Parents Love,
 When *Thou* a Step-mother might'st justly prove,

Since

Since he from Branches is transplanted sprung,

And Eats the *Nourishment* shoud Feed thy young.

But it's not he shall thy Foundations shake,

And introduce new Forms from *Leman's Lake*;

Let him boil o're with Gall, be choak'd with Flegm,

Conquer'd we've been, but will not be by *Him*.

Tho' mix'd in Blood, against us he inveighs,

We'll have no *Mixture* of his *Means and Ways*,

Thy Nobles on thy side shall *Taintless* stand,

Thy Commons Vindicate an Injur'd Land;

Thy Clergy for thy *Suffering Church* shall write,

Thy Lawyers plead for *Thee*, thy Soldiers fight;

As they shall to their Birth-right lay their Claim,

And shew themselves the *Sons* of *Thee* and Fame,

Tho' he for Keen *Invectives* ransacks Hell,

And Pamphlets into Bulky Volumes swell.

Make way for *Reformation* is the Word,
 More Room there for a true *Canary Bird*,
 See him as if from *Pulpit* preach Abuse;
 And damn the *Practices* he has put in Use;
 See him *Good Living* to *Bad Livers* teach,
 Woe to the *Geese*, the *Fox* begins to preach.

How such a Lord, has *Phillis* in Store,
 When he himself at *Tilbury* kept his Wh —
 How this from Place to place, encumber'd dodg'd,
 When his own *Coachman* knew not where he lodg'd;
 How these were sorry *Pay-Masters* and *Knaves*,
 When *Justices* forc'd him to pay his *Slaves*,
 Who Subject to a worse than *Pharoah's Law*,
 Made *Bricks* without due Food instead of *Straw*;
 Who suffer'd for the *Maggots* in his Head,
 And took great *Pains* to go without their Bread.

Opprobrious *Whore*, and of all-manner'd Pen!
 That flings his *Ordoor* on all sorts of Men!
 That first commits the *Vices* he decry's!
 And *Whoring* turns *Informer* for *Disguise*!
 Like his own *Party*, who to *Purge our Sores*,
 Turn wicked with *young Girls* to prove 'em *Whores*.
 Else wise Sir *Ned* wou'd have but *scanty Fees*,
 And *Milk* and *Mackarel* *Tom* might sit at *Ease*;
 If Men were not the *Glorious Work* beginning,
 And pay'd twelve *Shillings* weekly down for *Sinning*.

Now for the *Town's* discourse, the dreadful *Theme*,
 That brought him to the *Neck-Verse* of his *Hymn*;
 That made him for *more Reformation* known,
 And cloath'd his fretful *Corps* with *Garb of Stone*.

Prais'd!

Prais'd be the *Patriot Tongue* that spoke his *Crimes*,
 And laid 'em down as *Terrors* to the *Times*,
 As he declar'd what *England's* to expect,
 From such a Man of *Guth*, and such a *Señ*
 And made the *Court* Impending Dangers see,
 By letting loose their *Captive Enemy*,
 Tho' he devoid of *Modesty* and *Grace*,
 Would have him in his *Hymn* to take his *Place*.

The *Señ* has *Money*, and shoud *Money* pay,
 Which woud reform 'em all the *shortest way*,
 Lower their *Value*, and decrease their *Store*,
 And make 'em *good*, could we but make 'em *Poor*.
 And if our *Peace* was Earnestly design'd
 The *Party* in its *Author* should be *Fin'd*,
 Rated in Sums of a *Prodigious Price*,
 And Loads of *Money* pay for Loads of *Vice*.

Prais'd

Such

Such Means as these all Mischiefs would redress,
 And bring 'em into Compass with the Press,
 That is *Unlicens'd*, yet has no *Restraint*,
 And works for ever for their *Newgate Saint*,
 Whose Pen showr's Ink like the descending Rain,
 And speaks the *Diabetes* of his Brain.

Only that Heavenly Element does good,
 And brings in flowing Plenty with its Flood,
 When his black Streams would *drown* Religion's Fruit,
 And aim to sink the Church in Branch and Root,
 The Church that on her Founder, God relies,
 And sees his weak *Attempts* with pitying Eyes,
 And fix'd upon Her self, all *Human Rage* defies.

Not, but he should, tho' baulk'd in his Intent,
 Suffer for Crimes which he *Successful* meant;
 Tho' She *Revengeless* as the tender Dove,
 Extends Her *Olive Branch*, and Courts his Love,

Coo's and Laments, that he not hears Her *Call*,
 And has no *Gall* for one that overflows with *Gall*.

Bring him then *Satyr* to's appointed Fate,
 And Guard him to his *Pillory* of State,
 Make the stiff Male contented Grumbler stoop,
 His *Head* the *Button*, and the *Wood* the *Loop*;
 He'll tell you, that he suffers for a Cause,
 Illegal made by Men too Great for *Laws*,
 That his fix'd Soul no wavering Motion made,
 That he'd not sell his *Friends*, by *Friends* betray'd.
 But mind not his *Affertions* false and vain,
 Till he this *Enigmatick* Doubt Explain,
 How those are *Guileless* that could *Guilty* Plead,
 And ne're *Confess'd*, that have *Confessions* made.

Witness the Court that heard his *guilty* Fears,
 And what he said in *Newgate* to two *Peers*;

He'll

He'll tell you likewise Promises were broke,
 That Lawyers Grants of Mercy could revoke,
 But ne're give Credit to the Shuffling Knave,
 Till he proves that was broke they never gave.

Drag him along, whatever's his Excuse,
 All that he says, is Scandal and Abuse,
 His Hat speaks what his Tongue denies to own,
 And place Sedition in Sedition's Throne.
 As round him Philistians adoring stand,
 And keep their Dagon safe from Israel's Hand.

There let him stand Exalted with his Muse,
 Himself a Riddle, who does Riddles use,
 That others Lands has for his own Convey'd,
 And Bought and Sold Estates, for which he never

(Paid)

With him *Expose the Mob to Publick View,*
 That stood by Principles they never knew,
 That *Dirt* themselves protected him from *Envy,*
 And for the *Faction's* Money drank its *Health.*
 The *Brainless Fools* that Prais'd his *Hymn* when read,
 Rail'd against *Monarchy* at a *Monarch's* Head,
 And took for *Gospel*, what against *Law* was said.

Those *Interloping Jugglers* of the *Town,*
 Who live by others *Wit* and not their own,
 That act like *Hounds* to smell out *Men of Sense,*
 And wriggle into *Company* for *Pence,*
 That follow *Authors* just as *Carriion Crows,*
 And treat *L'Estrange's* equal with *De Foe's* ;
 Lay *Traps* and *Snares*, and bait the tempting *Gin*
 With *Gold*, to catch our *Understandings* in :

Those

Those Springes of the Trade, that gaping fit,
 And sometimes snap a Woodcock for a Wit,
 Those L--n--ts that buy Poetry by Rule,
 And Praise a *Wise*man but to make a *Fool*.
 But he'll not spoil a Minister of State,
 Who buys by Tale of Lines, and not by Weight.

Now Satyr dart a Stroke at Greater Names,
 That pull Sir O---n to Consult Sir J---mes,
 That form Cabals which ne're will take Effect,
 And are the Propagators of the Sect;
 Such as like Knights of Malta at the Fleet,
 Are Politick whole Days for Pints a piece,
 And with Sir Nymph with mighty Fervour Pray,
 To Change a Government they cannot Sway.

But Muse approach 'em with an awful Care,
 Some of these Men have slept within the Ch---,

Have

Have coug'd in Fur, and have on Custard fed,
 When thou a Life hast more penurious led,
 Bite 'em, I say, but do not bite so,
 As to Exalt thy self with their *De Foe*.

Yet since 'tis Justice that thou deep should strike,
 And his own Book has Preach'd up *like for like*;
 Since he dares wrong the Pillars of our State,
 And treat irreverently the Good and Great,
 Who for *Britannia's* Safety sit at Helm,
 To Steer the Government which he'd o'whelm,
 Scruple thou not, nor timerously decline
 A Task, thou shouldst be proud of being thine,,
 But let 'em in thy Verse unmask'd appear,
 Whatever swelling Titles they may wear.

Whether Sir *Harry* with accustom'd Pride,
 Swears and lays odds against his Country's Side;
 Whether Sir *R*—d thy Design decry's,
 And laughs at Managements from which he Flies;:

Now

Now made a Missionary to transplant
 Ill Principles, were bad, were never scant,
 Whether Lord haughty puffs, and calls thee dull,
 And laughs at Emptiness, with Coffers full,
 Tell him aloud, not whisper in his Ear,
 He was design'd a Parson, not a P——,
 And that thy self had full as Bulky grown,
 Hadst thou made other's *Schemes* and *Wit* thy own.

But above all, our Observations draw,
 By placing in our View the Man of Law,
 To make him seen by ev'ry Publick Eye,
 Raise him like *Haman*, fifty Cubits high,
 There let him shew his Nature and his Art,
 And turn o're Statutes, Statutes to pervert;
 Long has he growl'd and frown'd behind the Scene,
 And been for *Commonwealth's* the sole Machine,
 Moving the lesser Instruments unseen.

The

The Root whose Nurture has the Nation fed,
 And made it forward shoot its branching Head,
 Force him to leave the Secrecies of Night,
 And set the Nation's Enemy in its Light,
 His *Modern Friends* will certainly stand by,
 And give their Oracle their Company.

Cast *Admirals* who wou'd fling us upon Shelves,
 And blame all *Deeds* but what they do themselves;
 Those who at Land sit *Arbiters* of the Main,
 And laugh at *Victories* they dare not gain,
 Who *accidental* Conquests can abuse,
 And offer'd Opportunities can lose;
 Love to be Safe from Slaughter and from Guns,
 And not pursue an Enemy that runs,
 For fear he should turn back again and Fight,
 And put the Man that follow'd him to Flight,

But

But the Delinquent has stood out his Time,
And satisfy'd the Sentence of his Crime,
Down with him *Muse*, and *Satyr* sheath thy Pen,
Cover him with his *True Blew Cloak* agen,
And carry *Daniel* to the *Lion's Den*.
There let him lie to Expiate his Offence,
Till his Friends *Bail* him out, and *shout* him thence.

FINIS.

But the Delinquent has stood out his Time,
And fairly 'd the Sentence of his Crime;
Down with him Wale, and say that Liberty
Cover him with hisse, and bid him look again,
And carry Daniel to the Lion's Den,
There let him lie to Expiate his Offence,
His Friends Bew him out, and show him kindness.



